

# THE BOY AND THE GIRL

Saturday, March 2, 1872.



"I want to ask you something"—p. 338.

## HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER LXIV.—"YES OR NO."

EARLE HOUSE, the abode of the Ainsworths, possessed some analogy to a thriving beehive on that bright summer morning, when the girls, busy with their varied tasks of work and play, and full

of laughter and fun, were circulating through the rooms fresh as the breeze from the heath-clad moors, that came in so freely through the open windows. Even the youngest, a fat blue-eyed cherub

of six, who still reigned as the baby of the household, contributed her small share to the production of the general scene of happy bustle. Erratic Tom was in his chronic state of restlessness, doing incalculable mischief to Berlin wool patterns, unthreading needles, and making sudden raids upon the fair workers, hopelessly impeding the movements of their mysterious ivory shuttles, of which he declared he could never make out the use. Even little Hetty and her doll's establishment did not escape the tormentor; but, to do him justice, he always made full restitution to the little lady, who ruled him even more imperiously than she did any of the others. They understood each other, for the big, tiresome boy had still a simple child's heart. Tom was unusually excited that morning; he had dashed into the drawing-room in search of his sister Charlotte; finding it empty, he rushed from there into the room in which the others were working, and not seeing her, dashed out again, scarcely waiting for an answer to his breathless query, "Where's Charley?"

"Good gracious, Tom! how provoking! look what you have done;" but Mr. Tom would not look, though he stopped at the door to listen to Miss Bella's addition: "It would serve you right to break one of your glass cases, and let you lose some of your horrid insects."

The expression in her eyes contradicted the affected anger of her tone. Tom put in his head and said, saucily, "Never mind, Bella, all your troubles will end when you get married, then you will have no one to tease you, and all will be quite prosy and proper."

Then, satisfied that his retort had extinguished Miss Bella, he laughed, and shutting the door with a sharp click, rushed out into the grounds, still in search of his sister, and meditating a surprise in the event of finding her in any one of her favourite haunts. After a vain quest, he had given up the search as hopeless, and calming down after the exertion which seemed to have acted as a sort of escape-valve for his superfluous energy, he turned to the study of a beautiful specimen of butterfly which he had managed to capture. Absorbed in his favourite study and pastime, he had almost forgotten that he wanted his sister, when he suddenly caught sight of her between the trees, coming along the path at a slow, leisurely pace, not like the usual quick, springing walk of vivacious Charlotte. Tom hailed her appearance with a hilarious shout, followed by a prolonged intonation like the sound of a whistle; but as neither of these signals appeared to have been noticed by the young lady, he sprang towards her, clearing the intervening space between them in a few bounds, for trimly-kept borders and ornamental flower-beds did not offer much in the way of impediments to Mr. Tom. He brought himself in the middle of the path, and confronted the young lady with an abruptness that made her start.

"Hallo, Charley! what's the matter? you look as if you were going to hang out distress signals, as Frank would say."

To which the young lady replied, with an indignant shake of the head, "You tiresome boy, how you startled me!"

"Never mind that, Charley; what about the distress signals?"

"If you mean to convey the insinuation that I am going to cry, you are much mistaken, Mr. Tom. Distress signals, indeed; I don't know what put such an idea in your head."

"Because you look so precious glum, Charley, and"—the incorrigible youth added mysteriously—"considering what has happened, or is about to happen, it's not much to be wondered at."

"What do you mean?"

"You can guess very well, Charley. There's something in the wind; I have found that out, in spite of your secrecy, and I know that sort of thing always makes girls sentimental; I see you are no more strong-minded than Bella and the rest."

At this point the speaker received an unexpected rap on the knuckles with the handle of Miss Charlotte's sunshade, the young lady accompanying the castigation with an energetic—"Take that for your impertinence, Tom; it isn't half what you deserve; but if I don't punish you in some way I shall quarrel;" and Miss Charley screwed up her dimpled mouth and tried to look forbiddingly fierce.

Tom affected to rub his knuckles, then went off into convulsions of laughter, protesting "that if she looked like that again, he should go into fits."

A pause followed, during which the brother and sister walked on to the end of the walk, where there was a rustic summer-house; there they stopped, and Tom, becoming suddenly serious, took his sister's arm and drew her in, saying coaxingly, "Come, Charley, I don't want to vex you, though I do like to tease. Let us sit down and make friends. I've been seeking you all the morning; I want to ask you something."

The young girl pouted her red lip, and seemed half disposed to resist her brother's friendly overtures; but she soon suffered herself to be persuaded, contenting herself with saying, "I did think I should be sorry when you went to Oxford, Tom; but I shan't, I shall be quite glad when the time comes."

"I don't believe you, Charley; you'll do nothing but mope over your crochet and tatting, and not know what to do with yourself till I am back. The girls won't be able to keep you alive."

It was now Miss Charlotte's turn to look mysterious as she said slowly, "There may be changes before then, Tom: you may not find me at home."

A shadow crept over the boy's face, his light bantering tone was quite gone. "That is what I expected, Charley; I haven't been blind to what has been going on ever since Frank was married. I heard this morning that Mr. Appleby came to see papa

while I was away yesterday, and I could not rest until I had seen you, for I guessed what he had wanted with papa. Tell me, Charley, has he got his answer from you?"

"Yes, Tom."

"What was it? don't torment me, but say at once was it yes or no."

His manner was so earnest that it took Charlotte by surprise. She laid her hand affectionately on his arm as she replied, "It was 'yes,' Tom."

"Then you and Gus Appleby are engaged?"

Her look gave the affirmative.

"I am sorry to hear it, Charley."

"Why?"

"Because he wouldn't have asked you if he could have had Lucy Chadburn, and it seems like a slight to you."

Charlotte's face flushed. "He is very fond of me, Tom; there is no reason why people should not love twice."

"No, but first love is generally thought to be the strongest," demurred Tom, who, could not be easily satisfied on the subject of due honour not being paid to his favourite sister, adding, with a rueful look, "I wish he had chosen one of the others. There's Floy and Aggy, both older than you, and they ought to have been married first."

A misty look came into the girl's eyes as she said, "I never thought you would trouble about me like this, Tom."

"How can I help it, Charley? you and I have always cut up together."

"Augustus will do his best to make me happy, Tom, he told me so, and I have no fear of trusting his word, even though it will be for life."

"Well, if you are satisfied, Charley, perhaps he will improve under your hands, and I may get to like him better. If he does right by you I shall always stand up for him; if not, I shall be ready to fight him."

This characteristic outbreak seeming to relieve the young gentleman's feelings, the kindred pair were soon pleasantly discussing Charlotte's future prospects as the "Honourable Mrs. Appleby."

#### CHAPTER LXV.

##### IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

THE first sight of Phoebe's face as she opened the gate startled Gerald, and his alarm was not dispelled by the hurried summons from his uncle, which she gave him, in a tone almost breathless with excitement. Gerald's fears instantly pointed to the one probability which had for some weeks overshadowed all his thoughts of the old man, whose state of health had lately filled him with keen anxiety, for during the last few visits he had noted changes too slight to cause alarm or notice in those about him, yet signs that told their own story to the keen professional scrutiny that lost nothing.

This apprehension was reflected in his look and tone as he asked, "Is anything the matter, Phoebe; is your master ill?"

Phoebe replied with an involuntary glance towards Cyril, who affected to be entirely absorbed in the study of some queerly-carved oak panelling which had arrested his attention.

"It seems to me that he's worse than usual, Mr. Gerald; mother said this morning she thought he looked thinner. He's in a great hurry to see you, sir, and asked me to send you up to him before you came."

As Phoebe gave this explanation she threw open the door of the oak parlour, and glancing demurely from the young doctor to his companion, waited further orders.

Gerald, preoccupied and anxious, dismissed Phoebe with a hasty, "Very well, Phoebe, I will go up to him at once. Where's Miss Bessie?"

"In her own room, I think; or she may be in the cathedral garden, sir."

"Thank you, Phoebe."

Here Cyril obligingly relieved his mind of embarrassment in disposing of himself, saying, as he pointed to the open door of the room, "Never mind me, my dear fellow, attend to your uncle at once, and I will try to make myself comfortable while I am waiting. Give Mr. Darley my kind regards, I am afraid he will not be well enough to receive me this morning; but I must be satisfied, and hope that I may one day have the pleasure of introducing him to my father at Chadburn Court. He has been invited several times, but has always been so persistent in his refusal."

Gerald made a hasty comment about his uncle not being fond of society, and hurried away, leaving Cyril Chadburn to his own resources. He did not guess that Phoebe had been mistaken in her assertion about her young mistress, who was not in her own room, nor yet in the cathedral garden, but in the parlour, into which Cyril Chadburn walked with the easy, unreserved air of one who has resolved to make himself at home. He listened a few seconds to Gerald ascending the stairs, then smiling to himself, closed the door and went forward into the dimly-lighted room, that was even then full of shadows.

Bessie had found herself a seat in the recess of the old-fashioned window, and half screened by the curtains, sat bending over an open book, one which the old man had selected for her from among his ancient treasures of knowledge. But she had not been reading, only gazing down at the open page with eyes that scanned the printed words without gathering in their sense. At that moment she was blind to everything, but that which was written in her own soul.

Thus preoccupied, she heard nothing until the sound of a voice startled her. "Good morning, Miss Grant."

Bessie was too much taken by surprise to be able to coin any of the civil commonplaces which she would have found so useful on the occasion. Rising in undisguised embarrassment, she met the face of Cyril Chadburn smiling upon her.

"I must explain my intrusion, Miss Grant, for it seems like forcing my society upon you, and I would not be guilty of such an offence to anybody, least of all to you." This was said with an emphasis upon the pronoun which Bessie politely ignored.

He continued: "Phœbe said something about your being in the cathedral garden, Miss Grant. I am very glad to find that fortune favoured me so far as to allow me to meet you here—alone," he added, with a significant inflection of his voice which, to his disgust, received no response. All his pointed speeches seemed thrown away upon this Bessie Grant, whose equanimity was highly exasperating to him.

It was Cyril's design to make use of the dinner party at Chadburn Court, in artfully associating the names of Gerald Darley and Sylvia Ward, to convey impressions to the mind of Bessie that would be certain to tell against Gerald. Once strike the right chord in the girl's heart, and he knew the rest would be easy. He suspected that she was ignorant of the strange conditions appended to Lewis Darley's will, and resolved that she should be put in possession of the truth before he left Abbey House that morning. Coolly placing a chair beside Bessie, who had resumed her seat, he sat down with the settled determination of blighting the life of the man for whom he was professing such friendship.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

##### "BESSIE SHALL DECIDE."

LEWIS DARLEY was getting impatient while he waited for the appearance of Gerald, listening eagerly for the first sound of the well-known step along the echoing passage. He walked to and fro in the dingy room, to which even Bessie's daily offering of flowers seemed that day to lend no brightness.

"Why does not Gerald come," he murmured irritably, as he seated himself at his desk and began turning over the pages of a book he had been reading; "what can be keeping him?"

The next instant the door opened and Gerald entered, his face shadowed by a look of anxiety. He grasped the old man's extended hand, saying earnestly, "I am sorry to hear you are not so well, uncle."

"Ah! I thought there was something on your mind the moment you came in, Gerald; that stupid girl has been frightening you as she just now frightened her mother; but there is no need to worry yourself about me, my boy, for I feel better than when you were here last."

"I am thankful to hear it, uncle, for I must acknowledge that I have been very uneasy about you."

The old man's eyes brightened; for beneath the cold outward surface of the miserly recluse there lay a nature sensitive as a woman's. He pressed the young man's hand, saying in a gratified tone, "My dear boy, let me set your mind at rest on the subject; I feel stronger—the medicine you made for me is doing me a deal of good. You have not come alone, Gerald?"

"No, Mr. Chadburn came with me."

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room."

"Alone?"

"I believe so."

"Did you see anything of Bessie, Gerald?"

"No, Phœbe told me she was either in her room or in the cathedral garden."

The old man's face cleared, and he said earnestly, "I am glad of it, Gerald, for I don't wish her to be thrown too much into the company of Mr. Chadburn, it might prove dangerous to her peace of mind."

Gerald Darley was taken by surprise at this unusual confidence on the part of his uncle, and looked his astonishment. He said quietly, "I am afraid it is already too late, uncle."

There was a visible start of the old man, who questioned excitedly, "What do you mean, Gerald?"

"Only that I think she is in love with him."

"In love with him!" exclaimed the old man, with increased excitement. "Nothing of the kind; I cannot think what has put such an absurd idea into your head. Why, boy, she is in love with you."

Gerald shook his head dubiously. "I think you are mistaken, uncle."

There was a slight pause, which the old man was the first to break. "What makes you think so?"

"It is difficult to say, uncle, but I fancy she seems more at ease in his company than in mine."

"That is not a bad sign, Gerald."

"Ah! I wish I could think so, uncle."

"Do you? that is enough, my boy, she shall be your wife. Did you get the letter I sent to Workenbury?"

"Do you allude to the one in which you mention your will?"

"Yes, that is the letter."

"I did. You enclosed it by mistake to Mr. Chadburn, and he forwarded it on to me."

The old man passed his hand uneasily over his head, pushing back the white hair from his forehead with a quick nervous movement, murmuring to himself, "To him! think of my making such a stupid mistake, and sending it to him." Then suddenly raising his head, he said, "I was very unwell at the time, scarcely able to hold up my head, Gerald. Do you think he read it?"

"Yes, for he acknowledged having done so."

Lewis Darley's face flushed, but beyond that there was no sign to tell how his nephew's answer startled him, he only said, "Did he make any comments?"

"None whatever, uncle."

"I am glad to hear it. Now let us dismiss that point, for I do not like thinking about the matter. What decision did you arrive at?"

"At the time, I came to none; how could I, when I did not know whether Bessie cared anything for me, now—I—I—"

Gerald hesitated, the arbitrary conditions of his uncle's will galled him, for he did not like the idea of being compelled to marry even the woman he loved, and then there was the thought which Cyril Chadburn had artfully contrived to convey to the young doctor's mind—that the old man was coercing his adopted daughter, and Bessie's strange quiet whenever she was alone with him gave colour to Cyril's hint. It was not until the heir of the Chadburns had hinted at Bessie Grant's preference for himself, that Gerald realised how much he loved (until then almost unconsciously) the beautiful girl whom his uncle had adopted. They had been talking earnestly over their respective duties in the world and of the future that lay in wait for them, when Cyril Chadburn with subtle craft said, "I may as well tell you, Mr. Darley, that the dream of my life faded on the day your uncle enclosed your letter in the envelope addressed to me. From that day I decided that, notwithstanding Miss Grant's preference, I had no claim or right to step in between you two; as an honourable man it was my duty to hold inviolable a family arrangement."

It was against Gerald's nature to let a young and beautiful girl be sacrificed to an arrangement in which he played the principal part, and he could not help but admire the abnegation of self on the part of Cyril Chadburn, little guessing the truth. Could he do otherwise than refuse to ratify such a contract? Yet the question, "Does she really love

him?" kept recurring, and time after time Gerald determined to settle that point by trying his fate with the young girl, but somehow he had always kept deferring it, for he feared the result. Now he was called upon to decide without knowing what Bessie's real feelings were; and if he refused, the result would be to separate him from his only relative and disinherit him of the wealth which he was not Quixotic enough to despise.

His nephew's hesitation roused Lewis Darley's suspicions, and he listened eagerly to Gerald's next words: "And now, uncle, believing that Bessie has a preference for Cyril Chadburn, I must sacrifice my own inclinations and wishes, no matter what the cost may be to me, for I could never consent to marry a woman who did not love me. I shall be sorry if this decision of mine should be the cause of dividing us, uncle, but—"

"You have said enough, my boy," interrupted the old man, rising from his seat and placing his hand affectionately on his nephew's shoulder; "you have said enough, my boy: you love Bessie, and will marry her—that is all I ask."

"Not unless she loves me, uncle," put in Gerald, earnestly; "for if she consents to marry me merely in obedience to your wishes, I shall certainly not make her my wife."

The old man's brows lowered for an instant, and he murmured something to himself, but he did not remove his hand from Gerald's shoulder. The young doctor felt it visibly tremble, and knowing how dangerous any undue excitement might prove to his uncle, he took the withered hand between his, and said affectionately, "There is no need to trouble yourself about the matter, uncle; Bessie shall decide."

(To be continued)

## LOVE AND FAME.



CAN see her yet in the little pew  
Of our village church, where we sat—we two;  
With her hazel eyes and her auburn hair,  
And her parted lips as they moved in prayer;  
I can see the smile on her girlish face,  
As I watch her trip from the sacred place;  
And I wonder oft, does she think of one  
In his tented home 'neath an Indian sun?  
Does she ever dream of the boyish praise  
I breathed in her ears in the olden days?  
Are they all forgotten, those happy hours  
In the shady lanes and the bramble bowers?  
Are the berries left from the boughs to fall,  
By the hand untouched that was first of all?  
Ah, me! ah, me! are there wrinkles now  
On the dimpled cheek and the smooth white brow?  
Are the flowing tresses as white as mine?

Is it bent, the form that I thought divine?  
Is there nothing left of the long ago—  
Save the love of the boy that loved her so?  
Ah, Cousin Lucy, I mind the day  
When, heavy of heart, I marched away;  
When over the side of the parting ship  
I marked the smile of your mother's lip.  
For I was poor, and the curse of gold  
Had frozen her heart, and she was cold.  
But I treasure the tear that fell from your  
As you waved me, Lucy, the last good-bye.  
I have trodden with honour the paths of fame,  
And added to glory another name;  
My breast is lit with her glittering stars,  
And my country remembers her soldier's scars:  
But little she thinks that her hero sighs  
For the light and the love of a maiden's eyes.

MATTHIAS BARR.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

**I**f the principal subjects and topics of religion are capable of "illustration," then surely the great central Person of the Christian faith, round whom all the realities of religion revolve, ought to be set forth beyond all things. "What think ye of Christ?" Indeed, everything depends upon the answer to this question—

"What think ye of Christ?" is the text,  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of Him."

And on no subject have we so much "illustration" as on this—"Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth,\* crucified among you" (Gal. iii. 1). The whole revelation of God, in both Testaments, has been one great series of "Illustrations of Christ." In the promises and types and sacrifices and prophecies of the Old Testament are found the most expressive illustrations of the nature, office, and character of the then promised Messiah. And in the New Testament we are informed, not merely what he is *like*, but what he *is*. His own parables and miracles and ministry constitute one grand representation of Jesus—the God-man. God brought near to us, and made like unto us: the Godhead, as the Divine and precious jewel; and the manhood as the outer casket in which the jewel is enshrined.

How plentiful are the "Illustrations of Christ" in the New Testament will appear when we recall to mind those highly-expressive similitudes with which the Gospels and the Epistles abound. He is set forth as the "Vine," the "Shepherd," the "Door," the "Lamb of God," the "Head," the "Foundation" and the "Top-stone," the "First" and the "Last," the "Alpha" and the "Omega," the "High Priest," &c. &c. And what he is, we are to be: he the "Son," and we his "brethren;" and thus are we made the "sons of God"—he the "heir," and we "joint-heirs" with him. Thus we must not merely know *what he is like*, but we must also try *to be like him*. Every goodly illustration is calculated to lead up to Christ. He is the centre of the wheel, to which all lines converge. Just as from every town and village and hamlet there are roads leading up to the great metropolis of a country, so from every thought and experience and providence and circumstance are roads, more or less direct, leading up to Christ, the great Metropolis of all.

We would embody our "Illustrations of Christ"

\* *προετηδόν*, "posted up, placarded."—Lightfoot.

under two heads—(1) the suffering of Christ, and (2) the glory of Christ.

I. *The Suffering of Christ*.—The life of such a one as Christ must be the most "illustrious" of all lives, if viewed only in the light of the purpose for which he came. Great, indeed, was that purpose—sublimely great. Beyond all parallel or example, he came to suffer for our sins, and to die for our redemption. From first to last it was a life of suffering. At his birth, there was no room for him in the inn; and throughout his life "he had not where to lay his head." Truly he was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isa. liii. 3). Now, all suffering is the result of sin; but Christ had no sin: whence then came the suffering? It was *vicarious* suffering—for us, and in our stead.

How shall we illustrate the "vicarious" nature of the sufferings of Christ? Let us see. There are many illustrations of vicarious deeds—e.g., a debt is owing by one, it is paid by another, and then he that owed the debt is free. It was not his own act, but was done for him; his debt has been vicariously paid. Now can we advance from this, and conceive of the possibility of one man *dying* for another? Yes, there have been examples of such strong love and voluntary self-sacrifice. The soldier is prepared to die for his country; that is, in order to save his country he exposes himself to death, *mori pro patriâ*. In the earlier days of the world's history we find this illustrated in the single combats of the ancients. In those days of a more chivalrous economy of human life, the challenge to single combat brought out the heroes of the age. Thus Goliath and David were the representative men of their day. Each held in his hand the fate of his people—each nation became respectively answerable for the result, whatever it might be: "If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us" (1 Sam. xvii. 9). And accordingly, Philistia and Israel looked on, awaiting the result—"And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled." So, also, the Roman and the Alban youths, three on either side, held the fortune of their respective nations in their hands; and what they did was *vicariously* done, for their country.

There is, however, a point beyond which the parallel cannot pass. Christ's death differs from all these, and in the difference infinitely exceeds all. The apostle thus expresses it:—"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die."

Here, to die "for a good man" is a rare event—"scarcely," or at best it is a "peradventure," or "perhaps."

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 7, 8). That is to say, some may have died for their friends, but Christ died for his enemies, for sinners, in the very heat of their rebellion and sin. And with all this must also be associated the instrument of his death—the cross; and with this the agony, the betrayal, the mocking, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the nails, the crucifying; and with all these the shame and ignominy—"unto death, *even the death of the cross*." And yet there was no sin of his own for which he should thus suffer. It was for our sin, and all his sufferings were vicarious. If there were anything to teach us what sin is, surely it would be the death of Christ.

The death of Jesus was not as a distinguished martyrdom; it was not a mere testimony to a truth or a cause. Christ did not die as martyrs have died. They have endured nobly, boldly, and without a tear; a martyr that would shrink from his pains, and pray for deliverance, would be no martyr at all. The death of martyrs has always been a death of testimony; and in thus bearing that testimony they rejoiced, refusing deliverance. But the death of Christ was of another kind altogether. He feared and trembled and agonised as the time drew nigh; he prayed that the cup might pass from him; he cried out against the pains of death. And why? It was because his death was a death for sin; and in taking our sins, and bearing them in his own body on the tree, he felt all their weary weight, and experienced all their heavy guilt. Wherever God sees sin, he must punish it; he found it that day laid upon his own dear Son; and, finding it there, he visited it with all his wrath—"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" and, "It pleased the Lord to bruise him" (Is. liii. 6, 10). Thus, in Christ, sin itself was nailed to the cross. The cross of Jesus is the great enemy of sin; it is *there* we are to "mortify" sin, and to "crucify" sin, and utterly to abolish the whole body of sin. Hence George Herbert's very significant words—

"And when sin spies so many foes—  
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,  
All come to lodge there, Sin may say—  
'No room for me,' and fly away!"

Where there is no suffering Christ, there is no saving Christ. And by this is the reconciliation—"reconciled to God by the death of his Son" (Rom. v. 10). The price of death for sin was paid by Him who never sinned. This was accepted of God, and we are accepted through it.

Thus it is His life and death that saves us; not our own life, however holy; not our own death,

however happy. Our life is, at the best, imperfect, sinful, and never free from stain. Our life is to be offered, indeed, as a living sacrifice to God; but where is the salt to season it, and where the fire to consume it? These essential elements can come only of the gift of God; and our life, as a sacrifice, is acceptable unto God, only through Him who sanctifies the gift.

Yes, our sins must be bathed in the drops of his bloody sweat; must be bound with the cords of his binding; must be scourged with the whips of his scourging; must be swathed with the thorns of his crown; must be nailed to his cross with the nails of his passion; must be crucified with him in his death on the cross. It is only thus we can be cleansed from sin. This way and that way have failed—"Neither is there salvation in any other." Such was the extremity of Job's experience—"If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me" (Job ix. 30, 31). Such, too, was the testimony of the prophet—"Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God" (Jer. ii. 22). One is reminded here of those very quaint and characteristic lines of Quarles—

"There's not a blot  
Will stir a jot,  
For all that I can do.  
There is no hope  
In fuller's soap,  
Though I add nitre too.  
I many ways have tried,  
Have often soak'd it in cold fears;  
And, when a time I spied,  
I pour'd upon it scalding tears:  
Have rins'd and rubb'd,  
And scrap'd and scrubb'd,  
And turn'd it up and down;  
Yet can I not  
Wash out one spot;  
'Tis rather fouler grown!"

And in the fact of this death, and in the shedding of this blood, is our joy and rejoicing. It was over the victim of the passover that the great "Hallel" was sung—the song of praise and thanksgiving over the blood that saves. That sprinkled blood was an "illustration" (type) of "the blood of sprinkling;" and in the shedding and the application of that blood we are preserved from the destroying angel of God's wrath.

Thus did Jesus die; and in the grave he lay the victim of death; and out of the grave he arose, the victor over death. And after this what but glory?—"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. xii. 2).

It is said of Epaminondas, the distinguished Greek warrior, that when he lay mortally wounded

on his last battle-field, he contented himself with asking but two questions—"Are we victorious?" and they answered, "Yes." "Is my shield safe?" and they answered, "Yes." "Nay, then," replied the chieftain, "all is well; this is not the end of my life, but the beginning of my glory!" and even thus, though in an infinitely higher degree, may we say in the words of the apostle—"We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man" (Heb. ii. 9).

Thus are we led on in our review to offer some "illustrations" of

II. *The Glory of Christ.*—If ever there was a promise of wearing a crown after bearing the cross, it is assured in the person and example of Jesus, who himself endured all, so that, as the "captain of our salvation," he might be made "perfect through sufferings." The glory of Christ was manifested during his life—"He could not be hid." There was the glory of his *wisdom*—as in the temple; the glory of his power—as in his miracles, by which "he manifested forth his glory;" the glory of his omniscience—as shown to the woman of Samaria and others; the glory of his kingdom—as in the transfiguration. All these were the breaking forth of his glory—as the fire appearing in the bush; as the voice speaking from the cloud. But the glory of Christ of which we now speak was in his ascension into heaven, to the glory he had with the Father before the world was (John xvii. 5). Then the sorrows of earth ceased, and the joy of heaven once more began. And our Lord himself supplies us with "illustrations" of this. Then was Christ *like to* the "certain nobleman," who "went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return" (Luke xix. 12). Christ's own account of the reason of his ascension is given in the Gospel—"It is expedient for you that I go away" (John xvi. 7). His purpose was twofold—(1) to prepare a place for his people, thereby making them to be the sharers of his glory; and (2) to send the Spirit down upon his Church and people, thus preparing them for the place.

Christ, as the "captain of our salvation," fought our battle against death and Satan; and he conquered both of these dread foes. He must now add to his conquest his *triumph*—another "illustration" of Christ's glory. It was not enough for a general to conquer; he must celebrate his victory by a demonstrative act—a triumphal entry, generally accompanied by captive kings bound to his chariot-wheels. Thus, Christ not only fought, but conquered; and not only conquered, but he triumphed also. "He led captivity captive;" that is, he himself had been overcome by death; in the resurrection he overcame death. He was in the bondage or captivity of death; he then rose against

the captivity that bound him; and, in his ascension, he led it captive. Thus was he "more than conqueror;" to conquer an enemy is to be "a conqueror;" but to conquer an enemy that has already conquered you, is to be "more than conqueror;" and even such was the glory of Jesus. And for the glory of this triumph the triumphal song had already been prepared—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in" (Ps. xxiv. 7). The allusion here is to the levelling of walls and gates before the conqueror in triumph: if entering a conquered city—to render it dismantled and defenceless; and if entering into his own city, to proclaim thereby that a city, with such a defender, has need of neither walls nor gates as its defence.

The glory of Christ, furthermore, conduces to the completion of the work of atonement. That work was begun on earth, but it was to be completed in heaven. And here an "Illustration of Christ" occurs in the person and work of the Jewish high priest. The sacrifice was slain "without the camp;" and then the high priest took the blood, and entering with it within the veil, he offered it before God for the sins of the people. Now, the ascension of Christ was "like" the entrance of the high priest into the holiest of all; or, rather, *that* was "like" to *this*—the Jewish high priest being a type of Jesus, the High Priest of our profession. "Without the camp"—here, in this world of ours—the Sacrifice was slain; then, through the veil of that mysterious cloud, which received him out of our sight, our High Priest entered, with his own blood—"into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. ix. 24). There he carries on the work that had been begun on earth—the work of mediation and intercession. That position of honour and power—"at the right hand of the throne of God"—that is the place, that the glory which Christ now occupies.

And is not this the place for the *Head* to be—above all? And that is where he is, our Head; with some members of the body nearer to him, and some more remote; but *all* in communion with him. And from that high watch-tower, from that commanding eminence, from that position of power, he sheds forth his glory, his grace, his love, his watchfulness, and providence. Hence the benefits we receive as members of Christ, and as members one with another; as the Psalmist says: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! *It is like* (another "Illustration of Christ's glory") the precious ointment upon the head," &c. If the unction were to begin with the members, then would it be but partial; but beginning with the Head, it descends to all the members, even to the skirts of the garment; that is, the lowermost and uttermost of the mem-



(Drawn by VALENTINE BROMLEY.)

"Little he fancies the spell that lies  
In the little missive that greets his eyes"—p. 346.

bers of Christ. Even the very "hem of the garment" has its share of the "virtue" that brings a blessing with it to the feeblest touch of faith.

And again (a further "illustration") :—"It is like the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion," &c. The higher hills water the lower hills; and from the highest the refreshing dew distils upon them all. Thus from the mighty Hermon the dew descended to the hills of Zion, and all Jerusalem was bedewed with freshness; and, even so, from Him who is the mighty Hermon of our trust, the tall mountain of our defence, the dews of grace descend, and all hearts are refreshed in communion with his Spirit.

In a word, the relationships of Christ to his people are many; and if "illustrations" are needed, they are like to everything that is good, and dear, and true, and helpful, in our relationships one to another. Christ is our King—and we the subjects of his kingdom; our Captain—bearing the brunt of the fray himself, and thereby conducting many

sons to glory; our Lord—ruling over us, and within our hearts; our Mediator—and the only one between God and ourselves; our Prophet—revealing God's word and will, and expounding it unto us by his Spirit; our Father—and we his children, loving, trusting, and confiding in him; our Husband—so near and dear, so strong and so protective; our Brother—yea, that "sticketh closer than a brother." There is no relationship of love, or protection, or authority, or power, but answers to some bond of relationship by which Christ is pleased to make himself one with us. He is a full Saviour, the all-sufficient One. As it has been well expressed: "He hath ascended on high, that he might fill all things; he hath righteousness enough to cover all our sin; plenty enough to supply all our wants; grace enough to subdue all our lusts; wisdom enough to solve all our doubts; power enough to vanquish all our enemies; virtue enough to cure all our diseases; fulness enough to save, even to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him."

#### THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

**T**HROUGH the village, along the road,  
The old squire rides on his homeward way;  
But he has no friendly word or nod  
For the gaping rustics that pass to-day.  
The gleaming meadows and golden grain  
Sparkle and wave for his eyes in vain;  
And the woods with their glorious bursts of song  
Pleasure him not as he rides along.  
  
He only sees in his aged heart,  
Riding beside him a blue-eyed boy;  
He only hears on the morning air  
A silvery laugh and a shout of joy.

But he knows that over the heaving foam,  
Far away from his boyhood's home,  
Wanders the graceless son that grew  
From the laughing lad with the eyes of blue.

But little he dreams as he draws the rein  
That, tanned and browned by a Southern sun,  
Over the waters in eager haste,  
Cometh to greet him the absent one;  
Little he fancies the spell that lies  
In the little missive that greets his eyes,  
But a moment more, and his heart shall burn  
With a welcome of love for his boy's return.

#### ABOUT NELLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY."

##### CHAPTER VIII.

**D**AISY was married at the end of June, and immediately afterwards all the Stantons left town for Deermouth. Frank had been kinder and more thoughtful lately, so Nellie had almost forgotten her fears; and when in the first days of August Daisy, who had joined her family, wrote to say she had taken two modest little rooms for us about half a mile from them, and Frank told her he was "dying to see his little artist girl," all the smiles came back to her face, and she was all that she ever had been.

"It was decidedly wicked of me to doubt him, and I am quite certain that I am the very happiest little

girl in the world," she said, as we started on our journey; yet the smiles died from her face when the first evening passed without our seeing anything of him, though Daisy spent an hour with us. We were not so intimate with the Stantons now; they had grown stiff and cold, probably owing to the very decided admiration of which Nellie had been the object. Still, Miss Stanton called the next morning and arranged about some out-door lessons from Nellie—she was anxious to sketch from Nature.

"I should think we might go as far as the creek one day," she said; "my brother and Miss Drayton, who went there yesterday, say the view is splendid."

"Oh, Mary! Miss Drayton is with them," Nellie

said, as I sat thinking over Miss Stanton's words, wondering what to do. I did not want to bring matters to a crisis, and I felt my hands tied, and all the bitter regret, the foreshadowing of which I had felt months before when I pondered over the question, "Can wrong be right?" Yet that same evening he came, and was at his best, and Nellie, blaming herself, was her brightest and prettiest. So the days of that seaside trip passed on. Sometimes Frank was all he used to be, sometimes bringing the tears to her eyes, and making her lips quiver by his careless behaviour.

We spent one afternoon at the Stanton's, but Frank was so attentive the whole time to Miss Drayton that I was thankful when the time came to leave. He excused himself on the old plea, "blinding his mother;" and when Nellie let the words escape her, "If you only would not blind her any longer," he turned away impatiently, with a muttered speech about her "having no confidence in him."

While we were at Deermouth I saw more than ever how utterly they were unlike each other; and one day in particular I remembered them as they stood watching the tide come in, wave folding over wave, listening to the surging rustling at their feet and the far-off moan beyond—to her a language and a music all their own; to him merely the sound of waves which were only waves.

We had been a fortnight at Deermouth, and our visit had nearly ended, for we could not afford to stay much longer. Daisy, too, was going to leave on the morrow, and was to say good-bye to us in the morning, and it was the evening of the day before she went that I shall never forget as long as I live. It is photographed on my memory so clearly, it is burnt on my brain with such distinctness, that in thinking of it I seem almost to live the hours over again—to hear again the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the unceasing moan and splash of the waves; to see again the sky clear and hard-looking, with the little patches of cloud which told that the Storm-king was already on his journey, and the dazzling rays of the setting sun, with its last blinding flashes of light darting down on land and water, and above all I see a little face and two grave blue eyes with a troubled look in them, and the sweet sensitive mouth which will not utter the words which try to rise from her heart to her lips, and I hear her voice which says simply, "Mary, shall we go down to the broken bridge, and I will paint in the foreground of my picture?"

"Yes, if you like," I answer, "but I fear there will be a storm."

"Oh no; and if we do not go before the rain comes, we shall not be able to get beneath it."

It was some distance off—a rustic bridge over a little shallow stream, that in fine weather dried up entirely. There had been no rain for weeks, so that under it all was crisp and dry, and the moss clung to the large white stones, and the grass and

reeds blended into every shade of green and brown. Nellie had a fancy to sketch in the tangled masses for the foreground of her picture, so we went, that she might carry out her plan.

"How splendid it is here!" she exclaimed, "only chilly; and I declare those little gusts of wind are rather disagreeable than otherwise."

We sat and chatted and worked; I not working much, but watching the busy white fingers shading and outlining with such certain power. Now and then people passed over the bridge above us, and we amused ourselves with listening to their voices, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Presently we heard a laugh, then the sound of footsteps coming, but instead of passing, they stopped, and we knew from the sound of voices, that they were standing leaning over the bridge. Our first impulse was to let them know we were there, but the words, "Well, Emma?" struck on our ears in a tone that made us start, and chained us to the spot.

"Well, Frank," echoed the cold voice, in which there was no tone, and no depth, "if I could only believe you, but—"

"I do not think you ought to doubt me," he said. "Have I not always been the same to you; have I ever wavered?"

"I don't know—how should I?" and she laughed a little unmeaning and not very natural laugh. "I don't accuse you of having done so, or of caring for my money, or that sort of thing, though you know you men are horridly selfish;" and she laughed again. "But—"

"But what?" he asked a little impatiently, but in a tone that for the first time made Nellie cower and turn pale. She did not think any one but herself had ever heard or could hear it.

"Shall I tell you? Well, no, I won't;" and she waited to be coaxed. She knew the art of coqueting perfectly.

"Yes, do—do tell me what it is." And he was earnest enough now; and yet it did not seem like a real voice in which he was speaking. "Tell me—won't you, dear?"

Nellie clasped her hands together tightly, as if to control herself, and rocked gently backwards and forwards, and looked round blankly for a moment, as if to be sure that she was awake when she heard the little word of endearment.

"Well, do you know I am afraid I have been just a shade jealous of the little artist girl with those wonderful eyes, which always seem like a reproach to all frivolous people."

"How can you be so silly?" and he laughed. "She's pretty, I know, though not my style, and I like talking to her, poor little thing; but as for anything else, it's ridiculous."

"Are you sure?" And this time there was a little eagerness in her tone.

"Quite sure. Are you satisfied now, Emma?"

"Yes," she answered, and there was a pause, and then they slowly passed on.

"Come home, Mary," Nellie said gently, "I am so tired." She gathered up her things, took my arm, and leaning heavily on it, left the broken bridge. Presently we heard the wind sweeping moaningly over the waves. "It's playing my dirge," she said, almost laughing; but her manner frightened me.

"Nonsense," I answered; "and see how you are rubbing your picture."

"Never mind," she said, "I shall never paint it now."

We found Daisy and her husband when we reached our lodgings.

"Nellie, Miss Cowley, we have been waiting an age for you. Fancy, we start early in the morning, and so we've come to say good-bye now." And with many words of kindness, they took leave of us.

"Remember, Nellie, darling," Daisy said, "you have always a friend in me if I can help you, though I am so far away. I would do anything in the world for you, and so would George, wouldn't you, George?" and the tears rolled down the round chubby cheeks.

"Will you do something for me now?" Nellie asked suddenly.

"Yes, dear, I will," she answered, surprised. Then they went a little way off, and whispered for a few minutes, and with a last good-bye, left us.

"Nellie," I said, when they had left, for I could not understand her, "don't you think you had better lie down and be quiet a little while?"

"No," she said, with a strangely calm voice, "not yet, for I asked Daisy to send Frank, and he will be here soon. Don't go when he comes. Only, Mary, we must return to town to-morrow."

"But, dear, we have no place to go to."

We had been obliged to give up our old lodgings when we came to Deermouth, for the landlady herself was about to leave the house.

"Never mind, we will find a place," she said gently. "There is Frank; I know his step."

#### CHAPTER IX.

He entered slowly, and, with a flushed face, looked half doubtfully from one to the other.

"Frank," she said, and she stood gravely erect, without a sign of anger or sorrow, or of any emotion whatever—"Frank, I sent for you because I wanted to tell you that we are going back to London in the morning, and I thought you would like to say good-bye."

"Good-bye?" he began.

"Yes, and—" her voice faltered a little, but she put her hand to her throat for a moment, and then went bravely on. "Yes—and, Frank, you need not tell me anything, I heard it all. I was under the broken bridge this evening when you were with Miss Drayton, and I heard every word you said—

and—and—" she was choking again, "and you are quite free—quite—that is all."

"Oh, Nellie!" he burst out, "forgive me, darling! I was mad—I was indeed; it was only the money that tempted me."

"No, I heard it all; it is not only the money. I forgive you, but it is all over," and she drew up haughtily as she said the last words.

"Nellie," he said, "I love you still, I do indeed, dear, more than any one; and if—"

"No," she said, gently yet coldly, "it is all over—I mean it, I do indeed; and you must go, for I am very tired, and we start early in the morning, good-bye." She bowed, and moved away. "Oh, I forgot," she went on, suddenly; "there are your letters—wait a moment." She went to her desk, and took a little packet neatly tied with ribbon from her desk, and put it down. "There, you can burn mine, I don't want them again. Now go, please go."

With a crimson face, and compressed lips, he took up the packet. "Good-bye," he said; "you will think some day that you have been a little hard upon me, and perhaps be glad to accept what you are now so ready to throw away." Then he was going.

"Say good-bye to me, Frank," she said sadly, and held out her hand. I think he forgot me altogether, sitting in the background.

"Good-bye," he said, taking her hand. She looked up wistfully in his face, as if to retain it long in her memory; but he did not dare return her gaze. Yet, as he was going out of the doorway, he turned back for a moment to take a last look at the misty blue eyes, as I remembered his doing months before, when he first came to our lodging to ask our name.

Nellie stood still for a moment, then her self-control gave way. "Oh, Frank! come back!" she called; but he had gone. She put her hands to her face, and walked slowly up and down. "I hope I shall always remember his face," she said, "for we often forget those most dear to us; they grow dim with time, though we remember the people themselves. There is no one like him in spite of all. Oh, Mary, if I could only die!"

#### CHAPTER X.

I do not know how to tell you about the days that followed; I hardly remember them. We returned to town as Nellie had wished, and took two little rooms, the first we could get, some distance from where we had formerly lived, and then I fell ill. I could not, therefore, notice Nellie so much as I otherwise should, but I know that she altered wonderfully from that last evening at Deermouth, and the alteration was so strange. She was quiet and reserved, and I never saw her grieve or weep, but she grew cold, and cross, and impatient. She never once alluded to Frank Stanton, but sat doggedly to her work, and kept to it in a manner that almost amounted to frenzy.

When we had been a week or two in London, I began to think of looking up Miss West; and my pupils were just beginning to return to town, and I was thankful, for I was anxious about our future in a money point of view. Then it was that I fell ill. I think the worry and excitement had been too much for me, or it was a sort of climax after years of health and toil, for I had never been really ill before. No matter what it was, fever came creeping on, and for weeks and weeks I could not move hand or foot. Nellie roused herself from the apathetic fit into which she had fallen, and nursed me with tender, loving care, ever at my side night and day, anticipating my every want and thought, and yet she was different, even in that, from what she would have been formerly. She was the most devoted nurse possible, still she did not cry over me and cling caressingly to me as she would have done once; she was reserved even in the care she took of me.

A new trouble too came on us in those days—a trouble I did not know of till afterwards—dire poverty. The little stock of money in hand was exhausted, and though Nellie managed to take two or three of my pupils, still she could not leave me long enough to do more, and she was not successful with the sketches she did at home, and there was the doctor to pay, besides all the expenses attendant upon a long illness. So while I was laid up she had not only anxiety on my account, and that secret trouble gnawing at her heart, but she had to rack her brain for the money which she could not earn, and we had no friends. I did not know it till long afterwards—not till autumn had sighed itself tearfully away, and Christmas passed by in winter's icy arms; then, when I was well enough to sit up by the fire, I found it all out. My darling had sold every trifling trinket she possessed, and even some of her dresses, to keep the wolf from the door. Her face had grown thin and pinched, and her eyes were no longer soft and misty, but large and bright and cold. I grew better gradually, but it was difficult to regain the lost time, and everything was in arrears; even the rent for the two tiny rooms was unpaid, and the people in the house were scarcely civil in consequence, so it was up-hill work to get a little straight. Nellie did not

teach when I was able to do so again, she was not strong enough, and so she stayed at home, working on with the one hope of being famous. No, not the one hope, for there was another which spurred her on more still.

“Nellie,” I said one day, for I thought it would be better to speak about what I knew was still the mainspring of her life, “why are you so silent about the past? I know you have not forgotten it.”

“No, I have not forgotten,” she said; “and, Mary, I think I was a little harsh to him. Do you know?” and she looked up with that strange bright light in her eyes, which had lately come into them, “I think sometimes too that he will come back again yet.”

“Nellie,” I answered, “for Heaven’s sake do not build your hopes upon that. Besides, you heard his own words.”

“Yes, I did,” she said, in a tone that was rather scornful. “When I think of them I despise him a little. I cannot care for him, Mary, when I despise him, can I?”

Yet, as time went on, she did care for him again, and idealised him, and glorified even his faults into virtues, or blotted them out of her memory to remember only that which it was happiness to remember—for got all his falsehood and treachery, his meanness and deceit; forgot all, save that she had loved him heart and soul, and that the happiest days of her life were those in which she had thought him all he seemed. It was a love which, from its very vagueness, soothed and lulled all other fears to sleep. She lived on with all her thoughts concentrated on him; with every stroke of her pencil made for him; with every action of her life dictated by the one thought of how he would view it; with a wild longing for the fame she had no longer the strength to achieve, only that he might be proud of the love he had valued so little. Lived on in this one dream, which covered and wrapped round all her thoughts and perceptions, till she did not know that her face was growing thinner still, and her hand uncertain, and that her eye no longer perceived its defects; and she did not heed the weariness which would come creeping over her little by little, until at last she was obliged to throw aside her pencil, and close the tired eyes.

(To be continued.)

### “MOTHER SAID, ‘NO.’”

**C**OME, now—this is what I call jolly!” cried Alfred Watson, as, on his return from school one half-holiday in August, he joined a party of children collected together by the bank of the river which bounded his father’s property on one side. “This is what I call jolly!” he repeated, as taking off his jacket he threw it on the bank, and further

proceeded to pull off his shoes and stockings, and tuck his trousers up above his ankles. “We ought to have a famous regatta, the yachts are in grand order, the wind is critically in the right direction, the sun is a trifle hot, perhaps, for comfort, but never mind that, it is nothing when you are accustomed to it—so come along, boys, and let us begin.”

The “boys” thus addressed immediately crowded

round the speaker, holding carefully in their hands their gaily-painted white-sailed boats. There were Harry and Willy, Alfred's brothers; Duncan and Jamie Ford, his cousins, who were spending the summer holidays at his father's house; and Archie Noble, his chum and particular friend. Beside them stood Ella, Alfred's sister, who, though to her own sorrow "only a girl," was as deeply versed in nautical matters as Alfred himself. She could calculate the time to be allowed for tonnage to a fraction; she could cut out the most perfectly-shaped sails, and fix them rightly in their places, without appealing to him for assistance, and by diligence at her lessons she earned more money, to be spent in prizes for the winners of the yacht-races, than all the others put together. In fact, she was quite mad upon the subject, and it was with no small degree of envy that she watched the boys pulling off their shoes and stockings, and paddling into the stream, which at this point was very shallow, whilst she mourned that her mother's wishes and the laws of propriety forbade her following their example.

"Now, Ella, look here," said Alfred, interrupting her meditations, "you must take care of the prizes, and here is my watch too, in case anything might happen to it. The first race is only to be a trial one, just to see that we're all square, and the sooner we begin the better."

"I think so too," replied Archie, "for I am greatly afraid of the breeze going down, and our having a dead calm, as we had yesterday; but I say, Alfred, how shall we manage the start? The mooring-place here is so small that six boats could never get off at the same moment, without running each other down."

"You are right as usual, Archie—quite right. Well, suppose," continued Alfred, "that you go round by the bridge to the other side of the river, with Harry and Duncan, and take Ella with you to help you, and I will stay here, with Willie and Jem, and get Ned down from the nursery to fag for me, he's a capital hand at it, though he's such a little chap."

Archie scarcely waited to hear the conclusion of this sentence, as, regardless of the suggestion about the bridge, he proceeded to wade across the knee-deep water to the opposite shore. In this his example was quickly followed by Harry and Duncan, whilst poor Ella with a sigh, set off in the hot sun, to reach the same destination by the longer route.

"Why did you let Ella go with them, Alfred?" asked Willy as soon as the others were out of hearing; "she's twice as useful as Ned, she's so sharp, and besides I don't think you will be able to get him—for I wanted him to come down here with me, some time ago, and he wouldn't, because he said mother had told him not—and once he takes a notion like that into his head, he is as obstinate as a mule."

"Oh, never fear," laughed Alfred, "I'll make him

come, because we cannot get on without him; and as to mother's saying, 'No' to it, that's all—"

The sentence was not finished, Alfred conveying his meaning by a wink, as he turned away from the river, and began to run across the lawn and up the steep incline, at the summit of which stood the house.

These had been the pleasantest holidays Alfred could ever remember to have spent, the long, long cloudless days, the company of his cousins, the fishing, the cricket, the bathing—all had been pleasant, but the sailing of their tiny yachts had been the pleasantest of all. Hours and hours of each day had been spent over this amusement—the result of each regatta was carefully entered in a book, the capabilities of the various boats formed the only topic of conversation at meal-times, and frequently Mr. and Mrs. Watson were obliged to yield to the petitions of the children, and come down to watch the sport.

But in connection with this amusement, Alfred had more than once got into trouble during the holidays, and the remembrance of this trouble was in his mind even now as he approached the house, though he tried with all his might not to think of it.

The great fault in his character was the impatience with which he bore any interference with his own wishes. If once a thing seemed right and good in his eyes, he thought that was sufficient, and he often betrayed much ill-temper, and caused much sorrow, by rebelling against the opinions of those older and wiser than himself, when they were contrary to his own desires.

Long after Ella had yielded obediently to her mother's wishes, and had ceased to sail her own boat or paddle about in the river with the boys, Alfred had fought for her to be allowed to do so, because, without hers, he said there were not enough boats to make it any fun sailing. He begged and pleaded and worried, and finally showed so much temper, that Mrs. Watson had almost forbidden the yachting altogether, when, to Alfred's delight, Archie Noble came to the neighbourhood, and with his boat filled up the gap caused by Ella's absence.

Now something of the same sort was going on, as regarded Ned's being allowed to join with them in their play, Mrs. Watson having more than once expressed her wish that he should not make one of the party at the river-side, unless she were there herself to watch over him.

It was quite true, as Alfred said in arguing the point with his mother, that where they sailed their boats the river was too shallow for him to get more than a slight wetting, even were he to fall in; but it was also true that the current even there, was very strong, and that a little further down the stream came what the children called "the rapids," when the water, after bubbling and frothing over the rocks, fell into the deep pool, near which even Alfred himself had been forbidden to play.

"So mother had said Neddy might not come," thought Alfred to himself as he went along; that was too bad. This was to be *the* regatta of the season, and his services were very badly wanted—in fact, the whole thing would be spoilt without him; besides, this would probably be the last day's sport they would have, and it would be a shame for him to miss seeing the fun. Duncan and Jem were to return home next week, and if the weather should change after to-day, there would at once be an end to their amusement. At all costs, for this one day, Neddy must be secured; and with this resolve Alfred walked up to the bank opposite the front door, where the little fellow was seated.

"Ned," he said, addressing his brother in gentler tones than was his wont, "what are you doing here all by yourself?"

"Waiting for mother to come home," replied Ned, in rather a melancholy voice; "she said when she came back, I might drive round to the yard in the phaeton."

"Do you know, Ned, all the others are down at the river, Willy, Jem, Duncan, Harry, Archie and Ella—would not you like to come down there too and help us?"

"Oh yes," replied Ned; promptly adding, however, with a sigh, "but mother said, 'No.'"

"We're going to have the best races to-day we have ever had; we've got lots of prizes, and I want you to help me to sail my boat."

That Ned felt the implied compliment was shown by his rising colour, but he only sighed again and made no further sign of consenting.

"The first prize," continued Alfred, "is to be a box full of chocolate creams; and look here, Ned, I am pretty sure to win it, and I will give it to you when I do, if you will only come."

"But, Alfred—mother said, 'No,'" persisted Ned, though his eyes were now turned longingly towards the river, where, through the opening in the trees, he could see the figures of the children moving backwards and forwards in the sunshine. "Mother said, 'No,' and I couldn't do it, because she'd be very angry; besides, I'm waiting here to give her these lovely white roses to put in her hair, when she comes in from driving, Clinchy brought them up from the garden himself, and gave them to me for her," and Ned held up two beautiful blossoms for Alfred to admire.

But Alfred did not notice them, he was listening to the tempter, who was whispering in his ear how to win Ned from his obedience.

"When did mother say you might not come with us?" he said at last, as the determination to gain his point grew in his mind.

"To-day, after luncheon, I heard Ella begging for me, but mother would say nothing but no."

"Then she changed her mind after that, I can tell you," answered Alfred, his cheeks growing hot as

he spoke, and his voice sounding strange and husky to his own ears, "for I met her on the road as I was coming back from school, and she stopped the phaeton, on purpose to tell me you were all down by the river's side."

Ned looked at his brother with wide-open eyes, "Did she say me too—did she say me, Alfred?" he asked, his joy somehow a little damped by the look in his brother's face.

"Why, what a muff you are! if she said *all*, of course she meant you, as well as the others; she said she knew she could trust you all with me."

"But are you sure, Alfred—quite sure, she won't be vexed?" and Ned's large earnest eyes were raised inquiringly, while he waited for an answer.

"Yes, of course, quite sure," and Alfred turned quickly on his heel, and took the path leading to the river, whilst Ned, waiting only to grasp his flowers securely in his hand, followed him quickly.

(*To be concluded.*)

#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

132. "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18). That this should be so was prophesied. Where?

133. Our Lord on one occasion during his public ministry declared that he came to die for man's transgressions. Quote the text.

134. "Daniel the prophet" is referred to as such in the New Testament. Give the passages.

135. That crucifixion was known among the ancient Jews may be inferred from certain passages in the Old Testament. Give them.

136. Amongst the Jews capital punishment was usually inflicted in some prominent place. Where?

137. Quote any passage, in which the Messiah is designated in Scripture by David's name.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 319.

122. Isa. ix. 2 compared with Matt. iv. 16; Mal. iv. 2.

123. (1) It stood still at the command of Joshua (Josh. x. 12, 13); (2) it returned back in the time of Hezekiah (2 Kings xxi. 11); (3) it was involved in darkness at the time of the Saviour's crucifixion (Luke xxiii. 45).

124. Ps. lxxx. 17.—"Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, and upon the Son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself."

125. St. Stephen (Acts vii. 56); St. John (Rev. i. 17 and xiv. 14).

126. Zechariah said, "The Lord look upon it, and require it" (2 Chron. xxiv. 20—22). Stephen said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 60).

127. (1) Contempt for religion; (2) oppression of the poor; (3) shameless profligacy; and (4) a violation of the rights of conscience (Amos ii. 6—8, 12; v. 11).

## B I B L E   N O T E S .

## THE TARES OF THE FIELD (Matt. xiii. 24-30 and 36-43.)

**T**HIS parable gives us, perhaps, the fullest account we have in the Bible of the existence of evil in the world and in the Church; and as if to help us in so difficult a subject, it is explained by our Lord himself, who uttered it.

*"The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field."* There can be no question who is the Sower of the good seed; Christ himself has told us. *"He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man."* He speaks of that seed which grows up in the hearts of many members of his visible Church, and ought to grow up in all, unto everlasting life.

*"The good seed are the children of the kingdom."* These are what He who sows desires to rear; these are such as he would have cover the whole field. These are they who are sown on good ground, and bring forth fruit to perfection—some in a greater degree, others in a less.

*"While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares."* It was at night, when deep sleep had fallen upon men, when all eyes were closed in slumber, that this enemy seized his opportunity, and wrought the mischief on which he was intent, and then, having satisfied his malice, withdrew unobserved into the darkness from which he had emerged, and so the work did not evidently and at once appear to be his. The time he selects wherein to inflict injury on his neighbours marks his cowardice.

*"An enemy hath done this."* This is what the householder said to his servants when, in perplexity and surprise, they asked him whence the field had tares, for they well knew that he had not sown them. The tares, our Lord tells us, are *"the children of the wicked one,"* and the enemy that sowed them is the devil. This, therefore, is the utmost that we can know of the origin of evil; we can trace it back to Satan, and no further, for no further does Scripture go. How there came to be such an enemy we know not; nor do we know how it came to pass that God suffered him to have access to the souls of men. Here we learn that Satan is Christ's enemy, and that while Christ sows the good seed of his word, Satan is also sowing evil seed, and that thence arise the children of the evil one.

*"When the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also."* There must have been a strong resemblance between the two while growing up, for it was not till the wheat brought forth fruit that the tares showed themselves, for the first time, in their true nature. The sense conveyed by the word *"tares"* is not that of weeds, but of a plant that is poisonous in its effects on man.

*"Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers."* The harvest is the end of the world; the reapers are the angels of God. Here we have the sentence of the spiritual Husbandman, and his reply to the impatient servants who would go and gather them out before the time. This is the illustration which ought to satisfy us that God has reasons, though unknown to us, for allowing Satan to work evil at the first, and for suffering him still to work disobedience in the children of men. There is to be a mixture of good and bad in Christ's Church, as well as in the world; till the end of time they are to grow together, side by side, without any distinction, till they are both ripe—one for destruction, the other for salvation. It is good for the wheat that the tares should for the present be let alone. The wickedness of the wicked, if at once extinguished, would not help as it now does to the confirmation of the faith. How could want and misery be relieved, if there had been no sin to bring want and misery into the world? How could we forgive injuries, if there were no one to do us any wrong? How could we practise gentleness and peace towards those who behave to us with violence and scorn, if all were peaceable and gentle? This, then, is one of the practical uses of evil while God allows it to exist. God suffers evil—he is not the author of it. He makes it redound to his glory, but it is all the while abomination in his sight; and that it is so is most fearfully declared in what is set down as the end of the tares at the time of the harvest.

*"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather," &c.* It is but for a short time that the tares flourish; only for a single harvest. They may grow luxuriant, and exceed the wheat in strength and fruitfulness—they may seem to have obtained possession of the field; but the Husbandman is at hand; his eye discerns the plants of his own sowing; his voice gives the command to the ministers of his will. It is Christ himself, by his agents who shall accompany him, that shall separate the good and evil; the tares perish; the wheat endures for ever.

*"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."* At the time that punishment is inflicted on the wicked, the fire that consumes them will cast a gleam of light upon the righteous. The righteous may be, for a few brief years, overrun by the growth of wickedness in the world; but the word has been spoken—they shall shine forth; in the kingdom of their Father they shall be bright for ever. The Son of man has sown the seed, but he is also the Son of God. The Son of God has planted them, and they shall grow for ever and ever.